

# Southern Cross

## The Albino Eyes

Deepest Queensland in a sooped up Ute  
Where the ghosts are pretty and the coppers shoot  
Getting lost in an Australian dream  
And all the misadventures that lie in-between

Searching for the southern cross  
Thank your lucky stars  
But you'd better keep away from the sides  
We got crocodiles

Wanna drive til my eyeballs hurt  
Pissing like a racehorse in the orange dirt  
Stood there staring at a raging creek  
Do you give it a go or camp there all week?

Camp fire disco

Light a fire for the billy can grog  
I see a dancing lady coming through the fog  
She got so close I could read her lips  
As she danced right through my solar eclipse

Searching for the southern cross  
Thank your lucky stars, my arse  
But you'd better keep away from the sides  
We got crocodiles  
And camp fire disco hobos

Lyrics Submitted by David Thompson

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